

“Girl With Curious Hair”

David Foster Wallace

*For William F. Buckley
and Norman O. Brown*

Gimlet dreamed that if she did not see a concert last night she would become a type of liquid, therefore my friends Mr. Wonderful, Big, Gimlet and I went to see Keith Jarrett play a piano concert at the Irvine Concert Hall in Irvine last night. It was such a good concert! Keith Jarrett is a Negro who plays the piano. I very much enjoy seeing Negroes perform in all areas of the performing arts. I feel they are a talented and delightful race of performers, who are often very entertaining. I especially enjoy watching Negroes perform from a distance, for close up they frequently smell unpleasant. Mr. Wonderful unfortunately also smells unpleasant, but he is a good fellow and a sport and he laughs when I state that I dislike his odor, and is careful to remain at a distance from me or else position himself downwind. I wear English Leather Cologne which keeps me smelling very attractive at all times. English Leather is the men's cologne with the television commercial in which a very beautiful and sexy woman who can play billiards better than a professional makes the assertion that all her men wear English Leather or they wear nothing at all. I find this woman very alluring and sexually exciting. I have the English Leather Cologne commercial taped on my new Toshiba VCR and I enjoy reclining in my horsehair recliner and masturbating while the commercial plays repeatedly on my VCR. Gimlet has observed me masturbating while I watch the English Leather Cologne commercial and she agrees that the woman is very alluring and states that she would like to lick the woman's vagina for her. Gimlet is a bisexual who is keen as anything on oral sex.

We had to stand in the dumb line for a long time at the Irvine

Concert Hall in order to see Keith Jarrett in concert because we were late in arriving and did not beat the rush. We were late in arriving because Big had to stop off to sell LSD to two people in Pasadena and to two women in Brea, and even in the long line to see Keith Jarrett he sold some LSD to two fellows, Grope and Cheese, who had driven by motorcycle all the way up to Irvine to be his LSD customers. Big is a skillful punkrocker musician who also makes LSD in his room in my friends' house, and sells it. I like to beat the rush for lines and do not prefer being late, but Gimlet fellated me instantly the instant she and Big and Mr. Wonderful picked me up in their used milk truck at my new home in Altadena, and I had an orgasm on Highway 210, and it felt very good, so Gimlet made me not mind being late in arriving or paying for the tickets, which were very expensive, even to see a Negro.

Grope and Cheese instantaneously placed the LSD they'd purchased on their tongues and decided to stay and go to the Keith Jarrett concert with us after Gimlet offered to make me pay for their tickets. Gimlet introduced me to Grope and Cheese, who were of roughly high school age.

Gimlet introduced me to Grope and Cheese; she said Grope, Cheese: Sick Puppy. And she introduced Grope and Cheese to me, as well. My name is Sick Puppy even though my name is really not. All my good friends are punkrockers and rarely have names except names like Tit and Cheese and Gimlet. Gimlet's real name is Sandy Imblum and she is from Deming, New Mexico. Cheese asked Gimlet if he could touch the tip of her hair and she invited him to sit on a picket fence instead, causing me to react with laughter.

Cheese looked very immature for a true blue punkrocker and was unfortunately not attractive. He was bald-headed but displayed whiskers of hair here and there and he wore spectacles which were pink and had a thin neck but he seemed like a good egg, but Grope

did not like my new suit which I had purchased in Rodeo's on Rodeo Drive or my Top-Siders or my tie from my prep school which had Westminster Military Academy on it and an American flag as well. He stated that I did not seem like a fine fellow or a good egg and that my clothes were unattractive. He also disliked the smell of my English Leather Cologne.

Grope's utterances peeved Gimlet and she told Mr. Wonderful to harm Grope, therefore Mr. Wonderful kicked Grope in the mid section with his heavy black boots, for Contra combat in Central America, with studs in the toes. Grope became in extreme pain and was forced to sit on the curb smack dab in the middle of the line to see Keith Jarrett, holding his kicked mid section. Gimlet placed fingers in each of Grope's nose's nostrils and asked him to apologize to me or she would try to pull the nose from amid Grope's features. Pain and unpleasantness are very unpleasant for people with LSD on their tongue, and Grope apologized instantaneously without even having to look at me.

I informed Grope that his apology was totally accepted and that he seemed like an A-OK sort of person to me, and I shook Grope's hand to let him know that Sick Puppy was no spoilsport, and Big helped him up and let him lean on him while I paid the face behind the window of the Irvine Concert Hall for six tickets to see Keith Jarrett, which cost one hundred-and-twenty dollars. Grope told Big that his LSD was numero uno while we all entered the balmy and comfortable and tastefully decorated interior lobby of the Irvine Concert Hall. Gimlet whispered to my ear that in return for paying for the tickets to see Keith Jarrett and keeping her from liquidating, she would attempt to keep my erect penis in her mouth for several minutes without having an orgasm, and that she would let me burn her with several matches on the backs of her legs, as well, and this made me very happy, and Gimlet and I placed our tongues in each other's mouths while all our friends formed a circle around us and

indicated their vocal approval. The other crowds coming to see Keith Jarrett's concert were in approval of our bunch's happy go luckiness and gave us a generous amount of room and privacy in the Concert Hall's spacious lobby.

Mr. Wonderful and Big and Gimlet had all taken a large amount of Big's LSD, which is a special kind he manufactures for concerts and is free of amphetamines which might make a fellow fidget, and Grope and Cheese had taken LSD also, therefore they were all under the influence of LSD, which made them super amounts of fun to be with. I had not taken any LSD because LSD and other controlled substances unfortunately do not affect me or my state of normal consciousness. I cannot become high from ingesting drugs, and all my friends who are punkrockers find this very fascinating and a lot of fun. I was a very popular and outgoing peer in prep school and college and business school and law school but could not become affected by controlled substances in these environments either. My friends the punkrockers like me to buy very large amounts of drugs and take them and not become high while they are all affected. Last month for my birthday they made me place over two paper squares of Big's LSD on my tongue and then we all went joy riding in the new sports car I received from my mother for my birthday. It is a Porsche with six forward gears and two reverses and a leather interior. And turbo-charged! Gimlet and Big placed drugs on their tongues also and we went driving like greased lightning down the Pacific Coast Highway in reverse until a policeman pulled us over and I was forced to give him a gift of a thousand dollars not to incarcerate Gimlet when she determined that his revolver was in reality a radioactive chemical waste product and attempted to pull it out of his holster and throw it at a palm tree in order to kill it. The officer was a fine and gentlemanly man, however, and was very happy to receive a cash gift of a thousand dollars. We went away in a forward gear and Big began to laugh at Gimlet for temporarily believing that she could kill a service revolver by throwing it at a palm tree, and he

laughed so heartily that he wet his pants and could have damaged some of the leather interior of my new Porsche, and I have to admit that I got peeved, and gave Big the cold shoulder, but Gimlet let me burn one of Big's nipples with my gold lighter at a rest stop, so I became happy and felt that Big was a fine individual once more.

Last night we arrived at our row of six seats in the Irvine Concert Hall and sat in our seats. My new friend Grope sat down far away from me next to Big, and Mr. Wonderful sat beside Big also. I sat between Cheese and Gimlet who sat at the end of our row of six seats. Far down on stage in the Irvine Concert Hall was a piano with a bench. The woman seated behind Gimlet tapped me on the padded shoulder of my new sportcoat and complained that Gimlet's hair was creating problems for her vision of the piano and bench on the stage. Gimlet told the woman to Fuck You, but good old Cheese was concerned at the situation and politely traded to Gimlet's outside seat so as to solve the vision problems of the woman, who was coughing at what Gimlet said. Cheese was a shrimp and he had very little hair to ascend from his head into the air so he was a good fellow to sit behind. Gimlet only has hair at the center of her round head, and it is very skillfully sculptured into the shape of a giant and erect male penis, otherwise she is bald like Cheese. The penis of her hair is very large and tumescent, however, and can introduce problems in low spaces or for those people behind her who wish to see what she can see. Her friend and confidante Tit sculpts Gimlet's hair and provides her with special haircare products from her career as a hair stylist which makes Gimlet's hair sculpture rigid and realistic at all times. I have my hair maintained at Julio's Unisex Fashion Cut Center in West Hollywood, with an attractive part on the right side of my hair and a feathering technique on the sides so that my ears, which are extremely well shaped and attractive, show at all times. I saw the fine hairstyle I have in *Gentleman's Quarterly* and clipped the picture to show Julio my hairstyle. Mr. Wonderful has a mohawk which last night was a very light shade of violet, but

which on many occasions is orange, as well. Big's hair is extremely long and thick and black and covers his head and shoulders and chest and back, including his face. Big has a plastic facemask for vision which he has had woven into his hair at eye level, utilizing the skill of Tit. The hair in the vicinity of what is probably Big's mouth often tends to be unattractive because food passes through this area when he dines. I do not remember how Grope wore his hair.

Cheese leaned across me and told Gimlet she was a real trouper for trading seats so the coughing woman could enjoy the performance, because Keith Jarrett was an outstanding Negro performer whom everyone should get to see for their own musical good, and he asked me to agree. I was happy to agree with Cheese and calm down Gimlet so she would not be a pain in the neck, and Cheese was indeed correct when the Negro Keith Jarrett appeared on stage in slacks and shoes and a velour shirt which hung loose because it was too large for him, and sat on his bench at his piano. Like many Negroes, Keith Jarrett had an afro of hair; from where our six seats were located in the Irvine Concert Hall all I could see of Keith Jarrett was the back of him and his hair's afro while he played.

But he played awfully well! I told Gimlet I thought this performer was swell for a performer who was not a punkrocker like Gimlet and Big and Mr. Wonderful, who together comprise an excellent and skillful punkrock band known far and wide as Mighty Sphincter, and Gimlet who was very affected from the LSD at this juncture looked at me as if there was something extremely interesting behind me. She licked my cheek with her tongue for over thirty seconds but soon stopped and directed my attention to a small and young blond girl in a lower row, and stated that the girl's hair was a fascinating and curious thing to observe. She stared at the small girl below us with great intensity while Keith Jarrett played some of his concert.

As my friends and I listened to Keith Jarrett play the piano in the

Irvine Concert Hall last night I was thinking what a super bunch of guys and gals my friends were and how glad I was that I had gotten to be friends with such fine and fun persons! They are very unique and different from my past friends whom I had growing up in Alexandria, Virginia and attending fine schools and universities such as the Westminster Military Academy, Brown University, the Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania, and the Law School at the University of Yale. All my past friends have real names and wear clothes similar to mine, and are very attractive and skillful and often fun but never the barrel of monkeys which my new friends in the Los Angeles area are! I met all my new punkrocker friends at a party which occurred shortly after I arrived here in the Los Angeles area for my new job which pays me over a hundred thousand dollars per year.

At the party in Los Angeles for the Los Angeles Young Republicans I was there with Ms. Paisley Campbell-Greet, a fine gal whom I was trying to convince to fellate me and subsequently let me burn her, and I was talking and quipping for several hours with her and several Young Republicans when several punkrockers in leather and metal clothing, who were at political odds with the Young Republicans on many social issues, spontaneously showed up out of nowhere and gate crashed and began to eat the expensive refreshments the Young Republicans' Ladies Auxiliary had prepared, and to take drugs and break objects. The host of the party received a finger in his eye when he complained to the largest punkrockers, who were Big and Big's chums Death and Boltpin, that they should be more sporting and well-bred fellows.

And slightly after this time of the finger in the eye at the party I became embroiled in a fracas with a Young Democrat at the party who had gone to Law School in Berkeley, California (why did they even let him in is what I want to know!?!). Paisley Campbell-Greet knew this fellow and we were all chatting in an amiable manner

when I innocently and proudly broached the subject of my father and my brother and my brother's recent promotion and responsibility and honor.

Cheese leaned toward my body and made the assertion that the Negro Keith Jarrett was such a skillful and pleasurable musician because his jazz music performance was in reality *improvisational*, that Keith Jarrett was in reality composing his performance as he performed it. Gimlet began to cry because of this and because of the small girl's curious hair and I lent her one of my silk handkerchiefs which complements the color and design of several of my wardrobe ensembles.

At the Young Republican get together I stated that my family on my maternal side owns a company which manufactures high quality Pharmaceutical Products, while my family on my paternal side is true blue military aristocracy. My father is one of the highest-ranking individuals in the United States Marine Corps, and he and my brother and I are related to the finest fighting general the American nation has had since Ulysses S. Grant. My brother is thirty-four and is now a Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Marine Corps and has the honor of serving as the carrier of the Black Box of nuclear codes for the President of the United States. At the outset my brother was merely the night officer on this duty and merely sat at attention in a chair with the Black Box attached to his wrist outside the private bedroom of the nation's President at night, but now he has proven such a fine carrier of nuclear codes that he is the day officer on this duty, therefore he can be frequently seen on television and in all types of media, standing at attention at all times closer than ten feet to the President, carrying the Black Box of nuclear codes which are important to the balance of power of our country.

The Young Democrat who had sneaked into the party became off the

wall about my statements about my brother the day officer for the Codes and he began to be awfully impolite and to speak loudly and to gesture Democratically in the air with his arms in his corduroy sportcoat, then one time he poked me in the chest with his finger. Paisley Campbell-Greet stated that he was drunk as well as passionate about the issues of our nation's defensive policies but being poked in the chest really gets my goat and I took my gold lighter and set the Democrat from Berkeley Law School's beard on fire. He got super upset and began running here and there and hitting at his beard with his hand, and Paisley was really ticked as well, however I was happy that I had set his beard on fire with my gold lighter.

And how I met my new punkrocker friends and became Sick Puppy is Gimlet and her friend Tit had been bobbing for lemon slices in the Young Republicans' punch bowl from Tiffany's and the attorney whose beard I had lit was on fire in the region of his head, and he pushed them aside from the punch bowl to extinguish his head in liquid. Gimlet got angry at him for this action and attempted to hold his head under the surface of the punch so he would be deprived of oxygen. Paisley Campbell-Greet attempted to pull Gimlet off the Democratic attorney and this got under Tit's skin so she tore Paisley's expensive taffeta dress down the front, so that the appearance of Paisley Campbell-Greet's breasts was demonstrated to many people at the party. It made me happy that Gimlet had tried to hurt the burning attorney, and I began to predict that Paisley Campbell-Greet would refuse to fellate me to get even for igniting her friend from Berkeley, plus her breasts turned out to be extremely small and pointy, so I laughed heartily at the exposed sight of Paisley's cocktail gown and greeted Gimlet and complimented her penis of hair and told her I was happy that she had tried to Pecos the attorney who had poked me because my brother carried the Black Box of nuclear codes for the President of the United States. And when Gimlet and her clique of Tit and Death

and Boltpin and Big and Mr. Wonderful learned that my brother carried the nuclear codes for our nation's President and that it made me happy to ignite attorneys who get my goat, they caucused and decided I was the most outstanding and fine Young Republican in the history of the planet earth, and they spirited me away from the Republican cocktail party in their black second hand milk truck with Druidic symbols painted skillfully on the paint before the police whom Paisley and the lit attorney called could come and make trouble for me that could lose me my job that pays me a great deal of money.

That night Gimlet and Tit fellated me, and Boltpin did as well. Gimlet and Tit made me happy but Boltpin did not, therefore I am not a bisexual. Gimlet allowed me to burn her slightly and I felt that she was an outstanding person. Big acquired a puppy from the alley behind their house in East Los Angeles and he soaked it with gasoline and they allowed me set it on fire in the basement studio of their rented home, and we all stood back to give it room as it ran around the room several times.

At the Irvine Concert Hall last night Grope nursed his mid section and began to opine that Keith Jarrett was firing forms of electricity at him from the outer regions of his Negro afro, and he became a nervous Nellie. Gimlet no longer cried but did become even more interested and fascinated with the blond and curled hair of the young child sitting with an older man in a very attractive sportcoat two rows of concert seats below our six seats. Gimlet stated that the girl's curious hair represented radioactive chemical waste product anti-immolation mojo and that if Gimlet could cut it off and place it in her vagina beneath the porch of her stepfather's house in Deming, New Mexico, she could be burned and burned and never feel pain or discomfort. She was crying and beating at fictitious flames, and subsequently tried to rise and run pell mell over concert seats down to the hair of the girl, but Mr. Wonderful held Gimlet back and

offered her his assurances that he would attempt to get her some of the curious hair at an intermission, and placed something in Gimlet's mouth courtesy of Big.

Next to me at the end of our row of concert seats Cheese became very interested in me as a person and began to talk to me as we listened to Keith Jarrett improvise his performance right on the spot on his bench. Cheese stated that while it was evident that I was a swell individual he wondered how I had come to become friends with my punkrocker friends in Los Angeles, Big and Gimlet and Mr. Wonderful, since I did not look like them nor did I dress like them or have a distinctive punkrocker hairstyle, nor was I poor or disaffected or nihilistic. Cheese and I began a deep conversation which was very fascinating and I told him several facts about myself which he found interesting and compelling. We talked in depth while Mr. Wonderful restrained Gimlet and Big restrained the nervous Grope, quietly so as to be able to hear the very good melodies our entertaining Negro performer was putting forth at all times.

I informed Cheese that my punkrocker friends and I were thick as thieves and that although I could not dress like them for reasons of my job and family traditions I admired my friends' fashion sense like all get out. Since Gimlet knows that my excellent job and well to do family are what provide me with lots of capital at all times, she is not unhappy that I cannot dress in leather and metal or shave my head or sculpture my hair like a true blue punkrocker. My job is very fascinating and pleasurable and I have had it for less than a year. At the law firm where I am an Associate I am a corporate liability trouble shooter. Sometimes the products certain manufacturers manufacture have bugs and defects in them which might injure a consumer, and when a consumer gets a wild hair about being injured and attempts to litigate against one of my firm's clients, I am called in to trouble shoot. This often happens with such products as

children's toys and power tools. I am an extremely effective corporate liability trouble shooter because I enjoy a challenge very much and enjoy jumping in there with the old Corps spirit and licking the competition! I am especially pleased and challenged in my career when it really happens that a manufacturer's product has a bug and has injured a consumer, because then it is even more challenging to try to convince a jury or a jurist that what really happened didn't really happen and the manufacturer's product did not injure the consumer. It is more challenging still when the consumer is right there at the proceedings and is injured, for a jury tends often to feel sorry for an injured person, especially if the person is a racial minority and has swarms of small children, as racial minorities when they appear in court tend to. But although I have already had many corporate liability cases to trouble shoot I have only failed to bring home the bacon once or twice, because I enjoy a good competition in which I am part of the process, and also because people naturally like me out of instinct, because of my appearance. The average layman would be surprised to know how much juries are impressed by appearances. I am fortunately an entirely handsome devil and appear even younger than twenty-nine. I look like a clean cut youth, a boy next door, and a good egg, and my mother stated at one time that I have the face of a heaven's angel. I have the eyes of an attractive marsupial, and I have baby-soft and white skin, and a fair complexion. I do not even have to shave, and I have finely styled hair without any of dandruff's unsightly itching or flaking. I keep my hair perfectly groomed, neat, and short at all times. I have exceptionally attractive ears.

I explained to Cheese that dressing in an accepted manner and looking a lot like an angel helps me in my career and that Gimlet comprehended this fact. My career pays me over a hundred thousand dollars per annum, and my mother also sends me checks from her personal wealth, so I have a great deal of liquidity on hand, which makes Gimlet and Big and Mr. Wonderful a very happy bunch

of punkrockers.

Before I got angry at Cheese I liked him a lot. Unlike Gimlet and Grope, LSD-taking made Cheese a quite happy go lucky fellow last night at Keith Jarrett's concert. He did not see false events or get fidgety, but instead merely recounted that the paper on his tongue made it possible for him to discern the Negro Keith Jarrett's music with many different of his five senses. He could hear it, but see and smell and taste the music, as well. Cheese stated that some of the music smelled like old velvet in a trunk in an attic, or like vitamins, or medicine, or morning. He asserted that he could see Keith Jarrett's improvisational compositions as well. He gamely tried to describe in his own terms what a sunset looks like through fire, apricot and blue, and through smoke, plum and black. He said sometimes the music resembled weak light behind ice. I became happy merely listening to the sensual recountings of Cheese, and when Gimlet placed her hand on my penis in my gabardine slacks and claimed that there were secret worms and snakes in the small blond child's curious hair which were incessantly moving and spelling out the names of Gimlet's family of Imblums in Deming, New Mexico, I gave her a big buss.

Cheese knew a great deal about many other genres of music besides punkrock. He felt that Keith Jarrett was a very talented negro performer. He stated that only a genius could have a seat on his bench before thousands of distant spectators and begin to play any old melodies which were floating around inside his head with its afro. Cheese posited that for Keith Jarrett there are billions of these ditties, that he plays, and subsequently marveled to me that Keith Jarrett not only played the little tunes with skill but also joined them together in unique and interesting ways, improvisationally, so that each of his piano concerts was different from all the others. The manner in which the little melodies were linked was arranged by Keith Jarrett's sub conscious, stated Cheese, thus his concerts were

linear, Keith Jarrett's piano performance was a line instead of a composed and round circle. The line was like a little life story of the Negro's special experiences and feelings. I informed Cheese that I did not know that Negroes had sub consciousnesses but enjoyed the sound of the music a great deal, and Cheese frowned. Gimlet began to moan in a way that got me very sexually excited and Gimlet did not even tell the coughing woman behind Cheese to Fuck You after the woman behind Cheese requested that we all please keep our voices subdued so that everyone in the audience in the Irvine Concert Hall could enjoy the concert, but Cheese was frowning yet and he informed the woman that he would stomp her husband if she did not get out of our face so she zipped her lip and I held Gimlet's hand and put one of her fingers with white nail polish that tastes like vanilla, which I enjoy, inside my mouth.

The small girl with the yellow hair Gimlet felt was chemical and occult appeared to be drowsing and leaning against the shoulder of the older man's finely tailored sportcoat. I admired the sportcoat and wished that it belonged to me instead of the man. I wanted the man to turn around in his concert seat so that I could see who owned the sportcoat and I began to decide whether to throw a penny at the back of the fellow's head to induce him to turn around.

However besides being a fine all around bald punkrocker with pink glasses Cheese could also be intelligent and clever. He was extremely interested in yours truly as a person, and without me even noticing the fact Cheese took us from discussing musical genres and Keith Jarrett's negro experiences and emotions to no music and my white experiences and emotions. Cheese betrayed that he was anxious to learn why I had such satisfactory relations with my punkrocker friends. He said he wished to understand a Sick Puppy like me. He began to look very serious on his LSD trip but he became funny in a way which I found entertaining and engaging. He divulged his position that punkrockers were children born into a

very tiny space, with no windows, plus walls all around them made of concrete and metal, often despoiled with graffiti, and that as adults they were trying to cut their way out of the walls. They were attempting to move quickly along the very thin edge of something and accomplished this feat by failing to care if they fell over the edge or not. Cheese stated that my punkrocker clique all felt as if they had nothing and would always have nothing therefore they made the nothing into everything. However Cheese stated that I was a Sick Puppy who already had everything, thus he wished to inquire as to why I traded my big everything for a big nothing. Cheese was being curious and amusing from his seat on the edge, but he persisted in looking at the side of my fair face, and had his hand on the sleeve of my new sportcoat, which I did not like, for his fingernails were unclean. He asked me why I was Sick Puppy.

I proposed to Cheese that he was a fine fellow and that I was enjoying having an in depth conversation with him a lot and that I admired his earring. His earring was composed of bone. At these statements Cheese became a grump once more and I told him to turn that frown upside down.

Gimlet observed my penny in my hand while I was gazing at the back of the older man's head, and she read me like a book. She requested into my ear that I throw my penny at the girl with the curious hair so that the girl would be hurt and turn around in her seat and Gimlet would utilize the opportunity to observe the face of the girl with the curious hair. She said she predicted the girl's face would be the face of an absolute giant, with planets rotating in the sockets of her eyes, and that her breath would smell like apples. She stated that the curious hair when removed from the child and placed in Gimlet's LSD-influenced vagina would alter Gimlet from a Sandy Imblum to an area of fire with arms and legs and vagina of proper heat. Cheese politely asked Gimlet whether she would care to take some tablets of Vitamin B₁₂ in order to tone down the strength of

her dosage of her controlled substance, however Gimlet had stopped being aware of Cheese. She placed her hand in the vicinity of my gabardine penis and thereupon stated that when she was full of curious active hair and fire she would pay a little visit to my father at his office in the United States Marine Corps and throw herself into his warrior's arms and commit the sexual act with him and when he had his orgasm he would catch on fire from Gimlet and immolate while she cut open his warrior's throat and allowed me to bathe in his blood. Gimlet's a first rate gal but I have to admit that these statements got under my skin, Gimlet talking about my father and the sexual act in public in the Irvine Concert Hall. Cheese hypothesized that Gimlet was having an unpleasant LSD experience and advised Mr. Wonderful to keep his well developed arm around her for various persons' protection, and Big told Cheese to zip the old lip and mind his own business.

I was royally peeved at Gimlet and as the back of Keith Jarrett's afro head began to move in a side-to-side fashion and as his music became louder and more like punkrock, I crossed my arms and began breathing through the nostrils of my nose with anger at Gimlet. Subsequently I got her in a stare-down and stared at her with anger. Gimlet's black pupils in her eyes became so large that they obscured her eyes' color and she began to become frightened of yours truly and to cry, which made me a small amount happier. Cheese put his unclean hand on my new sportcoat's sleeve once more and I turned to him with my arms previously crossed and must have appeared extremely ticked off at him, as well, for putting his hand on my sleeve, for his immature eyes as well became extremely wide and purple behind his pink glasses and he felt at the whiskers on his head and stated quietly that we had to step into the interior lobby of the Concert Hall and have a chat with each other for a moment, and wait for the other kids to join us in the lobby in a moment at the hour's intermission. I was mad and on the horns of a dilemma about whether I wanted to throw my penny at the girl with

the hair's head or burn Cheese with my lighter in the lobby, and I decided to burn Cheese and I trailed him up the stairs of the aisle and into the pleasant and cool lobby of the Irvine Concert Hall. Gimlet asked me Sick Puppy where are you going? but I gave her the cold shoulder.

Except when we entered the lobby I failed to want to burn Cheese because it would not have been any fun because when we entered the lobby Cheese spontaneously sat down on a pleasant bench owned by the Concert Hall in his leather pants and black combat boots and leather shirt with amounts of chain and ammunition strapped across his poorly developed chest and back and bald head with bristles and whiskers and began to cry, so that tears of Cheese's began to run out from underneath his rose-colored spectacles. Cheese began to look as young as he truly was, which was a minor. I knew that Big's LSD on the tongue was having an effect upon good old Cheese and that, unlike me, his consciousness became affected by controlled substances.

While crying, Cheese stated that he did not understand me and that I frightened him. I claimed that that was a riot of amusement: a punkrocker with ammunition such as Cheese being frightened of a dapper and handsome civilian like Sick Puppy. I said no harm no foul and offered to ask Gimlet to fellate him very skillfully, however Cheese ignored my offer and took the hand I proffered in friendship and with his poorly maintained hand pulled me down on the attractive bench beside him. It was difficult to hear Keith Jarrett from the lobby.

Cheese restated that he was unable to conceptualize a Sick Puppy such as myself, and stated that he also did not understand the happiness that was exuded by me at virtually all moments. It took him time to verbally grope for the word happy. Do you know what I mean, he inquired. There is something about you that is so totally

happy, Sick Puppy. I patiently explained to Cheese once more about my great amount of income and clothing and fine home entertainment products, however Cheese shook his predominantly bald head and claimed that he meant a different word by the word happy which he had groped for. I wish to know why you are so *happy*, he said. After he kept asking me why I was happy he asked me if I loved Gimlet. I put the arm of my new sportcoat around Cheese's leather shoulders and informed him that Gimlet was aces in my book, and that on many occasions I was made happy by Gimlet because she fellated me and gave me pleasurable orgasms, and allowed me to burn parts of her body. Tears ceased to crawl from behind Cheese's pink lenses but he persisted in looking and staring at me in a fashion that made me want to hurt him until I hypothesized that he had entered a type of substance-induced hypnosis in which a person often stares at objects as if they were too large to comprehend, often for a long time. I did not know if I should leave Cheese in the lobby in a state of hypnosis but I wanted to hear Keith Jarrett play music, therefore I forgot Cheese and went away from him to the public drinking fountain and then to the doors of the auditorium. However before I could enter the doors of the auditorium I heard Cheese's voice call and I remembered Cheese once more and he no longer blindly stared like a bunny in my headlights when I arrived back at his bench and did not even have to look or stare transfixed at me in order to say that if I would tell him what was the nature of the happiness I exuded at all times he would allow me to burn him a little and also allow me to burn his fiancée, who was part Negro.

I stated to Cheese that he had made me an offer I couldn't refuse but that, however, his question stymied yours truly because I had already patiently explained to him that there were myriads of times and occasions when things made me happy. The fact of the matter is that there have only been a few things that historically have ever made me unhappy and gotten me down in the dumps. Exemplum

gratia, one thing was the time in college at Brown University when I went to proudly enlist in the United States Marine Corps R.O.T.C. program to continue to follow in the footsteps of my father and brother who serve with honor in the military and the Recruiting Colonel made us take a dumb personality test and I flunked and later when I went back to politely complain they gave me another dumb test and said I flunked it, as well, and then made me speak to a Dr. who came in the R.O.T.C. office and then the Recruiting Colonel for Brown University called my father who was busy with important work in Washington, D.C., and my father was super peeved at the whole incident. The Colonel repeatedly addressed my father as Sir, and apologized for interrupting his work, however I never got to enlist in any R.O.T.C. programs for officer training at Brown University or elsewhere. And exemplum gratia, another thing was the occasion in Alexandria, Virginia, when I was eight and my sister was ten and my brother who now carries the nuclear codes for the President was at Westminster Military Academy and my sister and myself were in my brother's room playing in his desk and we came upon magazines in low drawers and the magazines, which were erotic, were full of men and women committing sexual acts and we read the magazines and witnessed pictures of men placing their penises in holes between the women's legs and the men and the women looking very happy and I took my sister's underpants off and my underpants off as well and placed my penis which was very excited from the magazines into a hole my sister and I found between her legs, which was her vagina, but having me place my penis in her vagina failed to make my sister happy and my father entered the room when she called him and saw us committing a sexual act and he took me down into his workshop by our playroom in our home's basement and burned my penis with his gold lighter from the United States Corps and stated that if I ever touched his little girl again he would burn my penis off with his gold lighter and I had to go to a Dr. and obtain ointment for my burned penis, and was unhappy and down in the dumps.

If it were not a sign of ill breeding to discuss private family matters in public as my parents taught me as a child I would have filled Cheese in on examples of times I was historically unhappy and state to him as well that in my book Gimlet is aces and frequently makes me happy by fellating me and letting me burn her, for these are the only two events which make me become happy in matters of the birds and the bees. Unfortunately, even though I am one handsome dude and desirable on the part of many girls throughout my school and life, my penis declines to become erect when they want to commit the sexual act, and will only be erect if they fellate me, and if they fellate me I wish to burn them with matches or my lighter very much and most women dislike this event and are unhappy when burned and thus are chicken to fellate me and only wish to commit the sexual act.

However Gimlet is not chicken and she will. Furthermore Gimlet knows that what would make me the happiest corporate liability trouble shooter in the history of the planet earth would be to kill my father and that I will kill my father and bathe in his blood as soon as I can do it without maybe getting caught or found guilty at it, maybe when he is retired and my mother is weak, and Gimlet promises to help me and to kill her stepfather as well and she fellates me and lets me burn her sometimes.

I conversed with Cheese and my voice sounded slowly thick to my ears because recalling historical events from the past frequently affects my state of normal consciousness in the manner controlled substances affect other persons, and influences me. I stated to Cheese that I could not regrettably answer his question, yet I would give him a cash gift of a thousand dollars in return for Cheese making his negro fiancée bathe thoroughly and then fellate me and then allow me to burn her with matches on the backs of her legs.

Cheese glanced at yours truly in a semi hypnotized fashion for a long period, and I became confident that he was going to agree to accept the gift and that we would consummate a deal, however at this time Keith Jarrett's jazz piano concert had its hour's intermission and persons began to enter the lobby of the Irvine Concert Hall. The persons were moving slowly and my heart in my chest was beating slowly. The people were exiting the auditorium doors and conversing, utilizing motions which were in slower motion even than the NFL Highlights Show, a show which frequently shows the commercial in which the beautiful and sexy woman playing billiards asserts that all her men wear English Leather Cologne or they wear nothing at all. My state of normal consciousness became historically affected even further as Cheese persisted in staring at me and people in the lobby proceeded to mill and purchase refreshments and drink from the public drinking fountain and enter the restroom facilities extremely slowly, and the air in the Irvine Concert Hall became similar to lit ice, and Cheese's voice as he began to decline my initial offer of a deal came from distances, and his pink glasses began to have the appearance of two dull sunrises through ice.

From the attractive bench in the slow lobby I began to attempt to see if Gimlet and Big and Mr. Wonderful and Grope were coming out to help me persuade old Cheese to accept my offer of a gift, yet I instead found myself noting with extreme interest the slow running of the older and distinguished gray-haired and athletic man in the sportcoat. The sportcoat had appeared to be the real McCoy from above his back in the Irvine Concert Hall, however now in the lobby it appeared to have unattractive narrow lapels and also non-European tailoring, which are fashion features I dislike. The man was running with amusing slowness, carrying the young girl with the curious hair, and was being pursued through the slow and crowded lobby by Mr. Wonderful and Gimlet, who had left Grope and Big in the dust in their pursuit of the man and the girl with the curious hair. The mouths of my friends Mr. Wonderful and Gimlet

were open wide in a laughing and excited manner and Mr. Wonderful had something metal and bright in his hand and Gimlet's hair's penis sculpture was becoming disordered at the tip and her eyes continued to be all dark black pupil rather than white and color and pupil and she was running slowly in her leather and plastic and reaching out with her hand for the curious hair of the girl with the curious hair who was asleep in the protective arms of the distinguished older man running slowly past me in narrow lapels, and when I saw the beautiful and pale face of the sleeping girl over the bouncing shoulder of the running man the face slowly made me extremely joyful and excited, and as Gimlet and Mr. Wonderful slowly caught the man by the rear portion of his unattractive sportcoat near the front of the lobby of the Irvine Concert Hall and as Gimlet's hands with vanilla nails and Mr. Wonderful's bright object were almost in her curious hair the girl with the hair seemed to awaken in the older man's arms and she gazed incessantly and directly at yours truly, sitting at attention on Cheese's bench and removing Cheese's hand and unsightly nails from the wrist of the sleeve of my sportcoat, and I slowly assumed a happy and comforting and reassuring expression at the young blond girl and rose to my feet from the bench as Gimlet's hands became even slower yet and were moving in the girl's radiant hair and Mr. Wonderful was doing something with the bright thing to the man who was the girl's father. And here's what I did.